

LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

The Sun-Dial.
In a garden planned with care
In a day none by.
Stands a sun-dial quaint and old,
Looking at the sky.
And around its dial face—
There among the flowers,
Is this motto carved—"I count
None but sunny hours."

Like a sentinel it stands
While the hours run,
Marking out the message
Given by the sun.
Should there come a time of storm—
Cloudy days and drear,
Patient and serene it waits
Till the skies are clear.

Oh, gray philosopher,
With your motto true!
Hear me make a solemn vow
To be brave as you—
Be life's weather what it may,
Sunny days or showers,
Memory shall register
"None but sunny hours!"
—Edith S. Tiltonson, in St. Nicholas.

The Goose Alarm.

There are burglar alarms to notify the householder when a burglar is seeking entrance, but an Illinois farmer has proved that there is something cheaper and just as good. If a goose is tied up by the leg in front or rear of a house at night, she will set up a vigorous cackle if anybody comes sneaking about. Her hearing is acute and her eyesight sharp, and she is better on the watch than a dog.

The farmer made thirty different experiments with the goose alarm, and in not one single instance did the goose fail to announce that there was someone moving about who ought to be attended to. If you are afraid of burglars, buy a goose. If you can afford it buy two of them, so that one may help the other cackle.—Home Herald.

A Curious Food.

In Java there is a strange industry that takes some daring and a good deal of persistence. It is bird-nesting for soup. The cliff swallow on the island makes a nest much like that of our chimney swallow, and fastens it to the rocky walls of caves. The nests are made almost entirely of a glue-like seaweed, mixed with a little hair or grass and a few sticks, and these are gathered and sent to China where they are sold as food.

The nests are soaked in water until the glue becomes soft, when the sticks and straws are picked out and thrown away. The jelly which remains is then dried and preserved, to be used in making bird's nest soup. This is considered a great delicacy, and the nests are sold in the Chinese markets for \$25 a pound. Of course, at this price none but rich folks can indulge in them, and they are, therefore, a very fashionable dish. Although they are usually made into soup, they are sometimes cooked in other ways.

Setting Off Explosives.

There are two ways in which an explosive may be "set off"—by burning and by detonation. The burning process is progressive from one particle to another—as of fire in a grate, only infinitely more rapid. This process is adapted to gunpowder, requiring as it does a very short time for the burning up of the explosive body. The other form of explosion—the detonative—being at once throughout the mass, is unfitted for use in guns (which would be smashed to pieces), but is adapted to shattering, or breaking, purposes, such as blasting rocks in mining operations and bursting charges in shells, torpedoes, and submarine mines. Substances of the latter sort are termed high explosives. Some examples may be given of the safety with which the most dangerous explosives may ordinarily be handled. For instance, a considerable quantity of gun-cotton (such as pure cotton treated with nitric acid) may be set fire, and will burn quietly. But if a sufficient mass be set fire the heat and pressure on the surface of the burning body will cause the whole to be exploded. A torpedo filled with wet compressed gun-cotton will not explode if a shell from a cannon should penetrate it and burst in the mass of gun-cotton. Even nitroglycerin will burn like oil in small quantities, and a stick of nitroglycerin may be set on fire without danger of harm.—From "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas.

The Nest in the Tree.

The sun was just peeping over the hills, the leaves on the trees stirred gently, and a sleepy voice among the branches said, "Mother, I am so hungry. When may we have something to eat?"

"Yes, mother, dear," came a chorus of voices, we are so hungry. May we have some breakfast?"

"Yes, my dears," replied the little brown mother bird, "you shall have something just as soon as I can go out and get it."

Poor little mother! She had five hungry mouths to fill. But they were a happy family. Soon each of them would be able to fly and get his own breakfast.

"Oh, mother," cried out the little ones, "you said you were going to teach Bright Eyes to fly today."

"Yes," said the mother, "I am. When I return, and we have eaten, I will teach your sister, Bright Eyes, to fly."

"Oh!" cried Bright Eyes, "how happy I shall be, for then I may help our dear mother to feed the rest of you until you are strong enough to fly."

"Good-bye, mother, dear!" cried the birdies, as she kissed each of them before leaving.

"I'll return soon, children," and away she flew as happy as could be. A little boy stood by the road side. He had a little air-gun in his hand.

"Oh, I see something at which I may shoot!" he cried, and pulled the trigger.

There was a soft flutter and down fell the poor mother bird with a shot through her brave little heart.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the birdies. "Why doesn't mother come? We are so hungry."

They waited until the sun was very high. "Oh!" they cried. "What is keeping our dear mother so long?"

The sun went down in the west, and still she had not returned. Poor little birdies! How they cried.

At last Bright Eyes, who was the strongest, said she would try to fly and find the mother. But poor little Bright Eyes fell over the edge of the nest and lay very still upon the ground. She never opened her bright little eyes again. Then, one by one, the others grew too weak to cry any more, and they tucked their little heads underneath their wings and lay quiet in the nest. They never woke again.

The little boy who made all of this sorrow was not really cruel; he was a boy who is thoughtless, dear children, just tell him about the poor little mother bird and her babies and beg him to be kind.—The Child's Gem.

The Rhyming Game.

"Come play the new game. Come play the new game!" sung out Dorothy, as Margaret and Austin burst into the room, their cheeks all aglow with the freshness of the December breezes.

"What is it?" asked Austin, coming up to the table where Dorothy and Harold were sitting, with pencils and paper before them.

"We read about it in an old magazine. It's great!" exclaimed Harold, and little Tommy, aged three, echoed, "It's gweat!"

Dorothy explained the game. "One of us writes a line of a poem, and turns the paper down so that it cannot be read, then passes it on. Only the last word is told, and the next to write adds a line that rhymes with the first, and so on, until every one has had a turn."

"I'm afraid that I can't write a line of a poem," said Margaret.

"Oh, that's where the fun comes in," Dorothy assured her. "You start the poem, Harold."

"That's easy. I've one already written, with the paper all folded. Here, Dot, let Margaret write the second one. The last word is lad."

"No, you try it this time, Dorothy, and I'll help you with the next one." Dorothy wrote another line, and handed the sheet to Austin.

The last word is sad. This will be only three lines, so you might make it rhyme with the other two," said she.

"Here goes," cried Austin, as he bent to work with a will.

"Oh, Austin, keep your mouth still, I can tell just what you are writing by the way it moves," called his sister. He paid no attention, and at last completed his line.

"Now read it, Aus.," urged Harold. Austin spread out the sheet of paper and read the following remarkable verses:

Once there was a little lad,
And that was very sad;
And that was very, very sad.

"Oh, Austin, you've spoiled it! The last word should have been different," exclaimed Margaret, reproachfully.

"I thought that was the game," her brother replied, somewhat ruefully.

"Never mind, that made all the more fun, didn't it, Harold?" cried Dorothy.

Harold nodded. "Let's try again, and write a four-line. Margaret may write the first line, then Austin may write one to rhyme, and Dot and I will make up the other two on another rhyme."

When Harold had finished the last line, he read the second "poem."

I do not know just how to rhyme,
I wish that it were summer time;
Our verses are so sad, you know;
I think that we'll have snow.

"Yewwy sad, yewwy sad!" called out Tommy, who had been thinking of the amusement over the other verses, and the children all laughed at him.

"We're all poets, even to Tommy, and at each other."

aren't we?" said Margaret.—C. T. Lungreen, in Good Literature.

A Bargain.

A Paris shopkeeper wrote to one of his customers as follows:

"I am able to offer you cloth like the inclosed sample at nine francs the metre. In case I do not hear from you I shall conclude that you wish to pay only eight francs. In order to lose no time, I accept the last mentioned price."—Democratic Telegraph.

A Century of Stone Coal.

Wilkesbarre today celebrates the centennial of anthracite. Special honors will be paid to the memory of Judge Jesse Fell, the Wyoming valley pioneer, who on February 11, 1808, at the village tavern, showed how "stone coal" could be burned in an open grate.

An Indian massacre of unusual atrocity, a poem and the reputation of being one of nature's garden spots fix the Wyoming valley in the popular mind. It is otherwise entitled to fame as a source of national wealth far exceeding the product of California gold fields or African diamond mines.

Twelve years after Fell's discovery only 365 tons of hard coal were shipped from the mines in a year. Now there is an annual output of 72,000,000 tons, with a value at the mines of \$109,000,000. All the gold mined in the United States in 1906 was worth but \$94,000,000. The Pennsylvania anthracite fields cover 470 square miles and include fifteen seams. The industry employs 145,000 men. How long will the supply last at the present rate of yield? Probably 100 years, according to conservative estimates.

By that time the 630,000,000 tons of anthracite in the Shensi regions of China may have become available for American use, if no new "yellow peril" occurs to prevent. But the certainty of the ultimate exhaustion of the Pennsylvania fields makes all the more obligatory measures of economy in production and the correction where possible of the criminal waste of the past.—New York World.

A Poor Pupil.

The colored boy was up in the Children's Court for the fifth time on charges of chicken stealing. This time the magistrate decided to appeal to the boy's father.

"Now, see here, Abe," said he to the old dandy, "this boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I'm sick of seeing him here!"

"Ah don' blame you, sah," returned the father. "Ah's sick ob seein' 'im ayah, too!"

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here!"

"Ah has showed 'im de right way, sah," declared the old man earnestly; "Ah has suttienly showed 'im de right way, but he somehow keep gittin' caught comin' 'way wid dose chickens!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Seven-Year Alibi Wins.

That in the seven years he has been married Henry Langevin has never been out of the house after 7 o'clock at night was the conclusive alibi he established in court recently when he was arraigned on a charge of stealing chickens from Constable Joseph Demoran and Judge Alvan Day.

Over 200 hens were stolen and Langevin was arrested. He swore that he had not been out of the house on the night of the theft, nor any other night, for any cause whatever, since he had been married. His wife swore that he always was home before 7 o'clock at night and that never since he had been married had he gone out. The judge accepted the evidence and discharged Langevin.—Middleboro (Mass.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

ANTICIPATION.

"You look pale and thin. What's got yer?"

"Work! From morning till night, and only a one-hour rest."

"How long have you been at it?"

"I begin tomorrow."—Uk.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out, and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth."

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

POPULAR SCIENCE & INVENTION

The birth rate in Germany is six a thousand higher than in England.

The scientific excavators at Haltern, Westphalia, have made "finds" of the Roman and Teutonic periods and uncovered an ancient camp.

An improved "pedestrian catcher," to prevent accident to persons run down by trolleys, is attracting attention in Dresden. It is easily attached to cars, does not get out of orders, and picks up and carries along life-size leather manikins, living dogs, and even bottles filled with liquid.

Reports to the effect that electric lights are detrimental to the eyesight are pronounced unfounded by an electrical expert in the London Times. He says that the trouble arises from too direct exposure of the eye to the light, and that effect would be the same or worse with any other light.

The English Mechanic gives the following recipe for a compound good for cleaning paint on engines: To 1 gallon of water add 1-4 pound of borax and 1-2 pint of lard oil. Rub this upon the paint to be cleaned, then wipe off with clean waste or soft cloth. The wiping off must be done before the mixtures dries.

In recent years, says a contemporary, researches have sufficiently established the position that meteoric irons may, in their essentials, be properly included in the category of steel; the fundamental difference being that, while artificially produced steels are mainly iron carbon alloys, meteoric iron steel is an iron nickel alloy with meteoric carbon.

Sugar satiates, declares the Lancet; it is a concentrated food. Where sugar does harm, therefore, it is invariably due to excess. Taken in small quantities and distributed over the daily food intake sugar contributes most usefully in health to the supply of energy required by the body. In certain diseases, of course, the presence of sugar in the diet is plainly undesirable.

The growth of a number of successive crops of the same plant has been lately found not only to exhaust the soil for that plant but to develop an active poison for it. Steam distillation of a wheat-sick soil yielded a crystalline substance that is toxic to wheat, and from a soil exhausted for cowpeas a crystalline substance was obtained that is toxic to cowpeas, but not to wheat.

Inside the Earth.

Commenting upon a recent German book on the interior state of the earth, Dr. A. C. Lane, well known for his researches on this difficult subject, makes a very interesting remark. He says that without making a sweeping statement at the start, as to the gaseous interior of the earth, it is perhaps safe to say, in view of what we know, that "some of the elements of the earth's interior are in a gaseous condition, and the earth, for them at least, might be likened to a toy balloon, but one in which the gas was so condensed, under such pressure, that one could easier dent a steel ball than it. Under conditions of temperature not easy to disprove, that should be the condition of all the earth's elements toward the center." Doctor Lane adds that the study of seismic vibrations will probably settle this question.

Value of Unemployment.

A certain percentage of unemployment is not only inevitable, but essential. The minimum may be taken as about 2 percent in the engineering trade. With a smaller margin than that, efficiency is lost—there is no change of workmen from place to place, and no possibility of meeting sudden demands. Dearth of labor must be regarded as a worse evil than a fair excess of it.—Engineer.

Queen Alexandra's Gloves.

There is not a queen in Europe who buys so many gloves as Queen Alexandra. She often uses two pairs a day and sometimes more. They are all made in Paris. Her Majesty is exacting about the fit.

They are of the softest kid, and cost as much as 15 shillings a pair, so the queen spends a considerable amount yearly on her gloves.—From Tit-Bits.

Under the Golden Sun.

On last Saturday evening, while the golden sun was gently thrusting forth its soothing beams, Squire B. F. Bushong pleasantly pronounced the beautiful and heart-warming phrases that made Mr. Enoch Hubbard and Miss Stella Canady, man and wife—Modena correspondence Princeton Post.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations. Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Sperling, of 154 Claybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

What a lovely world this is to a girl the first time she falls in love.

ANTIDOTE FOR SKIN DISEASES

That's what TETTERINE is; and it is more. It is an absolute cure for eczema, tetter, ringworm, erysipelas and all other itching cutaneous diseases. In aggravated cases of these afflictions its cures have been phenomenal. It gives instant relief and effects permanent cures. 50c. at drug stores or by mail from J. T. SWEETMAN, Dept. A, Savannah, Ga.

Kissing is less dangerous than the girl's father.

To Drive Out Malaria and Build Up the System

Take the Old Standard Groves' TARTARUS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, 50c.

Wall street bears are more dangerous than bruin in the Black Hills.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, aching, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package free by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N.Y.

Her Lawyer—"My earnest sympathy. Yours is an irreparable loss."

The Widow—"Do I really look so old?"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

There are many subways in the ground plan of politics.

Cepadine Cures Indigestion Pains, Belching, Sour Stomach, and Heartburn, from whatever cause. It's Liquid. Effects immediately. Doctors prescribe it. 10c, 25c, and 50c., at drug stores.

The love which comes after marriage is often for the other fellow.

DON'T CUT YOUR CORNS.

If you suffer with corns, bunions, sore, callous spots on the feet or soft corns between the toes, go to your druggist or send 25c. by mail for ANSBOTT'S EAST INDIAN CORN PASTE. It cures quickly and permanently without cutting, burning or "eating" the flesh and leaves no pain or soreness. Address THE ANSBOTT CO., Savannah, Ga.

A widow never claims that the late lamented's demise was due to overwork.

NO SKIN WAS LEFT ON BODY.

Baby was Expected to Die with Rheumatism—Blood Coagulated All Over Her Body—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl became ill with rheumatism and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood coagulated all over her body, and we had to wrap her in ice and keep her on a pillow for ten days. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to relieve her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C.—gave her up. Dr. H.—recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She was now three years old and had never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We had bought eight cakes of Cuticura Soap, and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Dandel, Va. Oct. 14, 1906."—1906.